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A GARLAND OF NEW SONGS

CONTAINING,

1 Yo Heave Ho.
2 Paddy's Deſcription of Pizarro.
3 My Grandmother's Eye-Water.
4 The Thorn.
5 The Parſon.

YO HEAVE HO

MY name d'ye ſee's Tom Tough, I've ſeen a little ſervice,
Where mighty billows roll and loud tempeſts blow;
I've ſail'd with valiant Howe, I've ſail'd with noble Jarvis,
And in gallant Duncan's fleet, I've ſung out yo heave ho!
Yet more ſhall you be knowing,
I was cockſwain to Boſcawen,
And even with brave Hawke I've nobly fac'd the foe.
Then put round the grog,
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in care's face, and ſing yo heave ho.

When from my love to part I firſt weigh'd anchor,
And ſhe was ſnivelling ſeen on the beach below,
I'd like to catch'd my eyes ſnivelling too, d'ye ſee, to thank her,
But I brought my ſorrows up with a yo heave ho:
For ſailors, tho' they have their jokes,
They love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect muſt not come for to go;
So I ſeiz'd the capſtan bar,
Like a true honeſt tar,
And in ſpite of tears and ſighs ſung yo heave ho.

But the worſt on't was that time when the little ones
were ſickly,
And if they'd live or die, the doctor did not know;
The word was given to weigh ſo ſudden and ſo quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I ſung yo heave ho.
For Poll's ſo like her mother,
And as for Jack her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe;
But in Providence I truſt,
What muſt be muſt,
So my ſighs I give the winds, and ſing out yo heave ho.

And now at laſt laid up in a decentiſh condition,
For I've only loſt an eye, and got a timber toe;
But old ſhips muſt expect in time to be out of commiſſion,
Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo heave ho.
So I ſmoke my pipe and ſing old ſongs,
For my boy ſhall revenge my wrongs,
And my girl ſhall breed young ſailors nobly for to face
the foe.
Then to country and king,
Fate n danger can bring,
While the tars of Old England ſing out yo heave ho.

PADDY's DESCRIPTION OF PIZARRO.

FROM the country of Cork, near Dublin, I came;
My harveſt to reap; O'Doody's my name;
My couſin Shaughnoſſy I met t'other day;
Says I—Won't you go to ſee Drury Lane's play?

Is it Drury Lane's play that you mean?—why that's right,
Where they treat the whole Town with *Pizarro* to night.
Oh! ſays I, if they treat 'twill be the nate thing,
But the treat that they call'd it coſt me a *Thirteen*.

The great green thing drew up, and a lady I ſpy'd
A man wanted to kiſs her, ſhe ſcornfully cry'd——
Get out you big blackguard, or I'll badder your gig:
Then in came *Pizarro*, and growl'd like a pig.

In the days of old Goree, a long time ago,
The Spaniards all march'd to Peru you muſt know;
Saying, Give us your jewels, your gold, and your keys;
But a man they call'd *Rolla*, ſaid—No, if you pleaſe.

This *Rolla* a ſtar in the day-time appear'd,
And in a long ſpeech he the ſoldiers thus cheer'd;
Saying—Lather the Dons, you muſt do the nate thing,
For who wou'd not die for their country and king?

Then Oh! what a hubbub, confuſion and ſtrife!
And *Rolla*, God bleſs him! he ſav'd the King's life;

Then went to *Alonzo*, coop'd up in a jail,
And ſending him off, ſtaid himſelf in for bail.

Then *Pizarro* came forward, and with a paſſoon,
Which was handled by *Rolla* as I would a ſpoon;
But as he was ſcaling a bridge o'er the greens,
He was ſhot by a rogue from behind all the ſcreens.

Then *Rolla* came running, and with him the child,
And he look'd all the world juſt as if he was wild;
Saying—Take the dear creature, it's my blood that's ſpilt,
In defence of your child, blood and ouns now I'm kilt!

Then *Alonzo* gave Paddy *Pizarro* a blow,
Which laid him as dead as old Brian Barrow;
And poor *Rolla's* body was laid out in ſtate,
And twenty fair virgins they ſung at his wake.

Then *Alonzo* came forward, and making a bow,
Says he,—Ladies and Gentlemen, (meaning the crowd,)
All with your permiſſion to-morrow night then,
We'll murder *Pizarro* all over again.

MY GRANDMOTHER's EYE-WATER.

(Tune.—*Chapter of Kings.*)

OF all ſorts of drops drooping ſpirits to cure,
A good drop of comfort's the beſt I am ſure.

Some take their drops open, and ſome take it ſly,
But the drop I like beſt is a drop in my eye,
Tol lol, &c.
We all love a drop now and then.

Your delicate ladies pretend, you know,
As how they never get muzzy or ſo,
But they're all in their cups, when the tea they touch,
And they *don't* now and then get a cup too much.
Tol lol, &c.

My granny, becauſe I've bad eyes, gave me
The genuine eye-water, only ſee,
(Pulls out a brandy bottle.)
But my hand ſhakes ſo, north, eaſt, weſt, ſouth,
I never can get it beyond my mouth.
Tol lol, &c.

I'm a very dry creature, the people ſay
Of courſe I muſt drink to moiſten my clay,
And when it's too moiſt, drink again you know,
For the more you drink the drier you grow.
Tol lol, &c.

THE THORN.

FROM the white bloſſom'd ſloe, my dear Chloe requeſted,
A ſprig, her fair breaſt to adorn:
No by Heav'ns, I exclaim'd, may I periſh, if ever
I plant in that boſom a Thorn.

Then I ſhew'd her a ring, and implor'd her to marry,
She bluſh'd like the dawning of morn:

Yes, I'll conſent, ſhe reply'd if you'll promiſe
That no jealous rival ſhould laugh me to ſcorn.
No, by Heav'ns I exclaim'd, may I periſh, if ever
I plant in that boſom a Thorn.

THE PARSON.

A Parſon who had a remarkable foible,
Of minding the bottle much more than the bible
Was deem'd by his neighbours to be leſs perplex'd,
In handling a tankard than handling a text.

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday, he cry'd,
Make patience, my dearly beloved, your guide,
And in your diſtreſſes, your troubles, and croſſes,
Remember the patience of Job in his loſſes

The Parſon had got a ſtout caſk of ſtrong beer,
By way of a preſent—no matter from where—
Suffice it to know, it was toothſome and good,
And he lov'd it as well as he did his own blood,

While he the church ſervice in haſte rambled o'er,
The hogs found a way thro' his old cellar door,
And by the ſtrong ſcent to the beer-barrel led,
Had knock'd out the ſpiggot or cock from its head.

Out ſpouted the liquor abroad on the ground,
The unbidden gueſts quaff'd it merrily round,
Nor from their diverſion and merriment ceas'd,
Till ev'ry one there was as drunk as a beaſt.

And now the grave lecture and pray'rs at an end,
He brings along with him a neighbouring friend,
To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,
And taſte his delightful October brew'd beer.

The dinner was ready, the things were laid ſnug,
Here, wife, ſays the Parſon, go fetch us a mug,
But a mug of What?—he had ſcarce time to tell her,
When, yonder, ſays ſhe, are the hogs in the cellar.

To be ſure they got in when we were at pray'rs,
To be ſure you're a fool, ſaid he get you down ſtairs,
And bring what I bid you, or ſee what's the matter,
For now I myſelf hear a grunting and clatter.

She went, and returned with ſorrowful face,
In ſuitable phraſes related the caſe,
He rav'd like a madam about in the room,
And then beat his wife and the hogs with the broom.

Lord, huſband ſaid ſhe, what a coil you keep her,
About a poor beggarly barrel of [illegible],
You ſhould, "in your troubles, [illegible]ances, and croſſes,
Remember the patience of Job in his loſſes."

A pox upon Job, cry'd the prieſt in a rage,
That beer, I dare ſay was near ten years of age,
But you're a poor ignorant jade like his wife,
For Job never had ſuch a caſk in his life.

Now neighbour, while at the poor vicar you grin,
Your caſe let me tell you's no better a pin,
With goodneſs and wiſdom your theory back'd is,
But you're ten to one—knave and fool in the practice.

Whoever you are, I'll be ſworn you're no ſaint,
Would you mend then yourſelf with your failings acquaint
Theſe conquer and then give advice if you chooſe,
For who'd give you thanks for the thing you can't uſe.

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